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McKean County Miner.

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ANNA PEELER WAS SET FREE ON FRIDAY

Judge Bouton Took Case Away From the Jury.

COMMONWEALTH HAD NO CASE.

Anna Was Pleased—She Went to Bradford That Morning and Later to Lewis Run to Home of her Father—Other Court News.

Anna Peeler is free. Judge Bouton took the case from the jury Friday morning at 8:30 o'clock and discharged the prisoner.

Judge Bouton, in deciding as he did, gave a lengthy and lucid set of reasons for so doing. He said the commonwealth had not presented sufficient evidence to make a defense necessary. It had been shown by the evidence that it would have been possible for Warner to have shot himself. The evidence indicated that the wound in the body had been inflicted first and that he could have possessed strength enough to have then shot himself in the head. The position of the hands after death proved nothing. There was no motive shown for Anna Peeler to have murdered Warner, but there was a motive shown for Warner shooting the woman. The court said that the woman may have killed Warner, but if she did she would have to answer to a higher Court than this. It may be that witnesses committed perjury in her defense. If they did they, too, must be left for the judgment of the same Higher Court. He said this court would not be doing its duty if it let the case go to the jury; that on the evidence presented by the commonwealth, had the jury been permitted to decide the case and had brought in a verdict of guilty the court would of necessity be compelled to take the case out of its hands, or in other words to overrule the jury and set the woman free.

When the announcement was made which set Anna Peeler free the woman smiled broadly and was well pleased. She did not evidence much surprise, as she has always been confident that she would be freed. Her father grinned broadly and shook his daughter's hand and the lawyers did the same and there were general congratulations around the table where the woman had sat for two days.

THE EVIDENCE.

We give a brief resume of the evidence produced by the commonwealth:

The evidence of Coroner Sherman and the doctors described the scene of the killing and the wounds of Anna Peeler and Roy Warner. They stated that both of Warner's wounds were fatal, but it might have been possible for him to have inflicted both wounds upon himself if he made the heart wound first, but the wound in the brain caused instant paralysis. Mr. Burdick asked Dr. Walker if he was familiar with a famous crowbar case wherein a man had been engaged in blasting and a bar of iron had passed through his head and he had afterwards lived. The doctor stated that he was not familiar with such a case.

Blanche Meyers, housekeeper at the place where the shooting occurred, testified that Roy Warner and Anna Peeler had lived together for over a year, although not married. Warner had paid room rent for the apartment occupied. On the day of the tragedy Warner had taken some of his clothes away from the room. The first she knew of the tragedy was when Miss Peeler came into the kitchen and exclaimed: "My God! Roy has shot me and himself." Blood was flowing from a wound on Miss Peeler's forehead. Witness told of notifying the police and gave other details.

Chief M. D. Murray of the Bradford police, described in detail the scenes and incidents observed when he was called to the rooming house after the shooting had been reported to him. He asked Anna Peeler what had happened. She said she and Roy, while lying on the bed, had quarreled about a letter that she had written to a Buffalo friend. Roy had then shot her and himself, she said. The witness presented a diagram of the place and identified the revolver used in the killing.

Officer Mooney's evidence was along the same lines as that of the chief.

Tom McClellan of Mt. Jewett testified as to the coolness of the defendant and of her statement that she and Warner had quarreled. He was one of the first to reach the place after it had become known that a man had been killed there.

Ellis Worthman told of the finding of a bullet on the floor of the room and gave other particulars.

Samuel Mooney, owner of the house, testified that he was absent when the tragedy occurred. He was sent for and soon was at the scene. He told of the statement made by Miss Peeler accusing Warner of having fired the shots. The revolver which was used belonged to him. It was kept in the drawer of a dresser in his apartments.

Blanche Meyers, recalled, said that everybody in the house had access to the bureau and the drawer. Odds and ends were kept in this drawer.

Mrs. Tony Mike, wife of a shoemaker who lives in No. 27 Davis street, testified that she had heard four shots.

F. A. Walker, a friend of Roy Warner, testified that he had seen Warner on the afternoon of the shooting. Much of Walker's testimony before the coroner's jury was not admitted at the trial.

J. A. Jamison said he saw Warner on the afternoon of the shooting. Mr. Jamison was sitting on his porch at his home on Miller street. He lives opposite Mrs. Brown's house, to which Warner intended to move to get away from Anna Peeler. He saw Warner carry two grips and a lot of clothing to Brown's and he asked him if he was moving. Warner replied: "It looks like it."

Mrs. Brown, who was an important witness, has moved to Texas for the winter.

John Warner, a brother of the dead man, testified that he had removed nearly all the effects his brother possessed from the attic in the Brown house. He got what he could find in the Mooney house, but there was little there.

Dr. Stewart, recalled, testified that in his opinion the body wound on Warner was the one inflicted first.

The prosecution rested at 9:30 Thursday evening and immediately upon the announcement of the district attorney that "That's our case," William E. Burdick, senior counsel for the defense, arose and made a motion for the discharge of his client on the ground that the commonwealth had not made out a case. No motive for murder had been shown. No real evidence had been produced to show that murder had been committed. The statements of the prisoner that Warner had shot her and himself had never varied. He elaborated on the different reasons why the court should discharge the prisoner and made a strong plea.

District Attorney Mayo in reply said there was evidence enough that murder could have been committed. He urged that evidence had been presented to show that Warner could not have had strength enough to inflict both wounds upon himself and to have then brought his hand across his body and lain it and the revolver on the bed.

Attorney John E. Mullin, for the defense said that had Anna Peeler and Roy Warner been wife and husband and had quarreled as these two had and the quarrels had resulted in the shooting as this one did, and under the same circumstances, the woman in the case would never have been held. He believed that Anna Peeler's life more than anything else, was responsible for her arrest. Suspicion pointed to her because she was of ill repute, where it would not have been directed as a wife.

The court announced that it would decide the point next morning and court adjourned.

OTHER COURT NEWS.

The grand jury finished its duties on Thursday afternoon and was discharged.

In the case of the commonwealth vs. William Newell, charged with assault and battery, a verdict of not guilty was rendered, the defendant to pay half the costs.

Court ended on Friday and the following sentences were imposed on those found guilty.

William Carr, larceny of a set of harness, $5 fine, costs of prosecution and two years in the western penitentiary.

Augustus Ascone, aggravated assault, $5 fine and sent to Huntingdon reformatory.

William Short, non-support, discharged.

Fred Steinholm, larceny, pleaded guilty, $10 fine, costs of prosecution and one year and two months in the penitentiary.

Conrad Johnson, same offense and same sentence as Steinholm's.

E. R. Dean, pleaded guilty to forgery, sentence suspended pending further inquiries and defendant remanded to custody of sheriff.

W. C. Swartz, pleaded guilty to embezzlement, sentence suspended pending farther inquiries and defendant remanded to custody of sheriff.

Paul Surockets, charged with felonious assault, etc., was found not guilty, but was directed to pay one-third of the costs, the balance being placed upon the prosecutor.

John E. Ford and his two daughters, Ruth and Jet Ford, assault and battery, not guilty, but the costs were divided between John E. Ford and the complainant, Anna Seeley. The alleged assault consisted in turning a hose on the latter.

There are many people who suffer from Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and similar ailments who are not aware these are symptoms of kidney trouble. Pineules for the kidneys act as a tonic and regulator to kidneys and bladder and purify the blood. 30 days' trial $1. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted.

Girls to learn trade at Smethport Cut Glass Factory. For particulars apply at office at once.

Important to Our Readers.

Having seen the article in the late issue of the McKean Democrat headed "Terrible if True," and also the local on the 5th page, we deemed it our duty in the interests of our patrons to investigate the charges or rumors mentioned in said articles. Our investigation which we deem thorough has developed the following facts:

Elisha K. Kane, whom we all know to be a man who intends to always do what is right, is, as is well known, the owner of the Claramett Dairy Farm at this place. A young Jersey bull owned by Mr. Kane on his farm near Mt. Alton died of tuberculosis, although said to have been officially tested at the time he was purchased by Mr. Kane. Mr. Kane thereupon engaged Dr. G. A. Dick of Kane, a well-known veterinarian, to apply the tuberculin test to all of his herds. After being tested thoroughly eighteen of the cows on the Claramett Dairy Farm were isolated by Dr. Dick, they not responding readily to the test. The tests were reported by Dr. Dick to the Health Department at Harrisburg and after their examinations, received instructions to restore three of the cows to the herd. The cattle were not officially condemned, as the department at Harrisburg decided that the cattle, after isolation, might be used for breeding purposes and milk from them be fed to calves, or they might be sold to butchers to be killed under State inspection.

Eleven of these cattle which had been isolated were sold to Michael McDade of Newert, P., and the four others were sold to Mulvihill. Mr. McDade is undoubtedly the out-of-town butcher referred to in the article of the Democrat. These cattle were sold and accepted by the purchasers, under a written agreement, for breeding purposes and it was not their intention nor is it the intention of the parties purchasing the same to kill any of these cattle before next season, and until they are again tested. The cattle purchased from Mr. Kane are now all alive, Mr. McDade having now ten of them on his farm and the other five being nearby where they can be seen by anyone who wishes to further investigate this matter. The cattle were at the above mentioned dairy when purchased by Mr. McDade and after purchasing were immediately driven through the borough from Mr. Kane's farm to Newert.

While we are not entirely conversant with the effect of Tuberculosis in cattle nor with the State Department of Health governing them, it would seem from what we have learned that everything in this matter has been conducted squarely and properly, and that the public need not be worried or consider themselves in danger from anything that has been or will be done in this matter.

Family Troubles.

A few days ago Justice R. C. Gleason was called upon to hear a case in which a woman charged her husband with assault and battery and also threatening to kill her. The husband practically admitted the truth of the charges and was placed under bail in the sum of $500 to keep the peace and held on the charge of assault and battery for his appearance at the February term of court in the sum of $300.

The principals in this episode were heretofore highly respected residents of this place, parents of young children and owners of a beautiful home and had everything before them for a happy life. But that demon—jealousy—came into the home, unwarranted so far as we are able to learn, and now the wife has gone to the home of her parents and the once happy family is broken up.

It does not seem possible that a self-respecting man in his right senses could strike a frail woman, especially the woman whom he has sworn to honor and protect and the mother of his children, and we have no sympathy for a man who will do such a thing, but it appears that this otherwise respected man so far forgot his manliness, while in a jealous rage, that he choked, struck and threatened to kill his wife.

It is said that after he was brought before the justice he was thoroughly penitent and was willing to do almost anything to bring about a reconciliation which for a day was accomplished, but his threats were renewed and the woman was so frightened that she decided to go to her parents. But perhaps a reconciliation may be effected later on. And if it ever does this man should devote his whole life in trying to make amends for his unpardonable conduct toward his wife.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 19, 1908:

Mrs. Annie Miller, W. T. Meyers, Mrs. T. D. F. Phillips, Joe Tuozzi, L. L. Thompson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

WANTED—Good reliable man to run farm by month. JAS. QUIRK.

Death of D. C. Winship.

At his home at Annin Creek, Pa., on Dec. 18th, 1908, after two years' illness from paralysis, occurred the death of Dugald Cameron Winship. He was born in the town of Jerusalem, Yates county, N. Y., Oct. 16, 1832. He was the last surviving member of a family of ten, the children of Nehemiah and Mary Stone Winship.

When a child his parents removed to Steuben county, N. Y., where, when about five years old, his father died and he was sent to live with his Uncle John in [illegible], N. Y., which was his home until twenty years of age. At about 16 years of age he was apprenticed to a tailor and learned the trade, but never followed that as a business. At the age of [illegible] he returned to Steuben county [illegible] in 1840 he was married to Miss [illegible] Kinney. In 1855 he moved to Annin Creek, McKean county, Pa., on to the farm which was his home until death.

In August, 1862, he enlisted in Co. G, 150th Regt., Pa. Volunteers, where he served until the close of the war, having lost a day's service during that time. Since reaching his majority he has followed the occupation of lumberman and farmer.

He is survived by two sons and one daughter: F. K. Winship of Port Jan, N. Y., and L. H. Winship and Mrs. J. A. Cooper of Annin, Pa. His wife died 1892.

Burial was made in Annin Creek cemetery. Rev. William Tubbs preached a very impressive sermon from the 91st Psalm, and paid a high tribute to the memory of the deceased, having known him all his life. He was assisted in the services by Rev. Miller, Rev. Dorothy and Rev. W. W. Tubbs, who was a roommate in the war, and he related several experiences on the battlefield. The choir rendered very finely several beautiful selections. A number of old veterans marched at the head of the procession.

Oil Property Sold.

The Oil Well Supply Co. of Pittsburg, on Tuesday of last week, sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, N. Y., 256 acres of leases with 16 oil and gas wells to C. W. Blakeslee of Corry, Pa., and W. D. Murray of Rew, Pa., for $13,500. The production was four barrels net, and nearly 1,000,000 feet of surplus gas is sold off the lease each month. This property is located in Moody Hollow, one mile from Coryville, Pa., and was developed by the Cyclone Oil Co. Lately some good wells have been drilled on three sides of this property at a depth 700 feet in a Chipmunk sand that are nice producers, some starting off at 10 barrels a day and Blakeslee & Murray, who are practical oil men, will drill a number of sure locations in their new purchase. This property was the only production in McKean county owned by the Oil Well Supply Co., which is not a producing, and was taken over in a settlement of the Cyclone Oil Co.'s affairs.

Shot Horse and Boy.

A horse belonging to a Mr. Blue, driven by Mrs. E. J. Wagot of Loop Hollow, dropped in front of Llewelyn's store Wednesday, and was found to be starved nearly to death. It was hardly strong enough to eat when hay was given it. Later it was gotten up and walked down in front of the postoffice, where it dropped again. Here Burgess Burr secured a double-barrel shot gun and killed the poor animal, then, in turning, the second barrel was discharged, the shot striking the hard ground and glancing, two shot striking Victor Welch, son of M. P. Welch, one over the eye and one on the chin. Each shot punctured deep under the skin and Dr. McLean thought best not to cut them out at present. Several other onlookers were hit by shot and dirt but none seriously hurt.—Eldred Eagle.

Christmas at St. Luke's.

At St. Luke's church the Christmas Eve services will be at 7 o'clock, Thursday, 24th. The Junior Choir will sing the Christmas carols. The tree for the children will be in the paris house after the service.

On Christmas there will be two celebrations of the Holy Eucharist, at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Morning prayer will be at 10 and evening prayer at 7:30. The offerings will be for the General Clergy Relief Fund.

Services on Saturday (St. Stephen's Day) at 8 a. m.; and on Sunday (St. John's Day) at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The Christmas service and tree for the children at All Saints', East Smethport, will be on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24th, at 4 p. m.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The regular annual meeting of stockholders of the Grange National Bank of McKean County will be held at the bank in Smethport on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1909, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year.

50-3t J. W. LEE, Cashier.

If you want Fancy Seeded Raisins, get the Jipco Brand from Andorfer & Lyle.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Knox to be Secretary of State.

Last Friday evening President-elect Taft announced the appointment of United States Senator Philander C. Knox as Secretary of State in his Cabinet. In giving the details of the negotiations he said that the offer was made to Mr. Knox the previous Sunday morning in New York.

"I feel that I am to be congratulated in securing the services of Senator Knox in my Cabinet," said Judge Taft in making the announcement.

"In selecting a Secretary of State, I wanted first a great lawyer and second a man who would fill the public eye not only here, but abroad, as a man who stands out pre-eminently as a great American. Mr. Knox was a great Attorney General; he was a prominent candidate for the Presidency, and he is recognized in the Senate and elsewhere as one of the great lawyers of that body."

Knox is a small man physically, scarcely more than five feet two or three inches in height. His build is stocky, without being corpulent and in dress and general appearance he is what may be described as natty and. But it is the face that attracts most and contemplating the lofty brow, the deep set eyes, the firm mouth, the regular nose and the determined, confident expression that is characteristic of him in calm or in storm, one loses sight entirely of the lack of physical bulk, which, by the way, is one of the Senator's sensitive points.

There are many men who are said to look like Napoleon, but none of whom can be more truly said than Knox. He has the small stature, the massive head, the imperturbable face and it may be said of his methods that their execution is largely in the Napoleonic manner.

Convicted Grafters Sentenced.

A dispatch from Harrisburg, dated Dec. 18, says: Four men, one contractor and three former officials of the State of Pennsylvania, who were convicted of grafting in connection with a contract for furnishing the new capitol were today sentenced by Judge Kunkel in the Dauphin county court to two years' imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary and a fine of $500 each.

The four are John H. Sanderson of Philadelphia, contractor for capitol furnishings; William P. Snyder of Spring City, former Auditor General; William L. Matthues of Media, former State Treasurer; James M. Shumaker of Johnstown, former superintendent of public grounds and buildings.

Immediately after sentence was pronounced the defendants were remanded to the custody of the sheriff and taken to a side room pending application for a supersedeas, which was made in the Superior Court at Philadelphia. As soon as it is granted the defendants will offer bail pending appeal to the Superior Court.

The men were convicted of defrauding the State out of $19,308 in a contract for wooden furniture. Judge Kunkel on Friday of last week refused a motion for a new trial and the sentencing of the quartet followed to-day. The capitol investigation commission which conducted the inquiry into the "trimmings" of the new State capitol wound up its affairs yesterday and gave State Treasurer Shentz a check for $4,018.84, the amount of the unexpended balance of the appropriation of $100,000 voted to the commission by the legislature of 1907.

No Paper Next Week.

The MINER will not be issued next week in order to give the force a little rest during the holidays. With this issue we have completed our volume of 52 issues in the year 1908, and we think we are entitled to this respite.

We will begin the new year by trying to give our readers a better paper than in the past if possible and we hope our readers will not object to our short vacation. Thanking you all for your patronage in the past and hoping to merit it in the future, we wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Notice of Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company, for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held at the office of the company, 100 Main street, Smethport, Pa., on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m.

RALPH E. BURDICK, Sec'y.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 28, 1908.

Dancing school will open at the Lyceum Saturday, Dec. 26. Instructions in deportment and dancing for children from 4 to 6 p. m. Instructions to beginners and advanced pupils from 7 to 9. The schools will be under the instructions of Prof. G. F. Haley, member of the International Association, also the Normal School Association, Masters of Dancing.

The State offers free tuition to prospective teachers at the Edinboro State Normal School. Students may enter at any time. Winter term opens Jan. 4, 1909. Catalogue free.

John F. Bigler, Prin.

For Holiday Gifts that will please go to Hamlin's Hardware.

Subscribe for the MINER.

A Christmas Editorial.

Right must ever fight its way against the world. Truth must walk alone in its Gethsemane. Justice must bravely face its Calvary, if it would still live in triumph after all efforts to slay it. These great truths must be born in the manger of poverty, or sorrow, or trial, or suffering, finding no room as the inn until at last, entering it in triumph, they honor the inn that never honored them in their hours of need, of struggle, and of darkness. It is written in the book of human nature; it is the chorus of the songs of every great human effort; it epitomizes the life of Christ.

There comes a time in every individual life when earnest, honest effort, disheartened, distressed, dismayed, says: what is the use of it all? "Why should I suffer poverty, sorrow, loneliness and failure; when I seek to be fair, good, kind, sympathetic, helpful and just? Why should I not have the good things I long for?"

They are big questions; they are the very sobs of the soul. But if we know we are right we should care naught for the crowd at the inn. It must be that there is something higher in life than the welcome at the inn, the approval of the world. There is the consciousness of the work well done, or steadfast loyalty to the ideal, of faithfulness in little things, of lives made sweeter, truer, better for our living, of a lovelight in eyes looking into ours that may be part of the glorious flowering of our days greater far to our highest self than any mere welcoming at the inn.

True living brings peace to the soul, power to character, kingship over self, inspiration to others, but not necessarily money and material prosperity. These have their proper place, and their use, but they are not the highest. If they were the highest, candidates for heaven could be selected purely by "double A" Bradstreet ratings; they would be taken ever from the crowded inn, not the lowly manger. At the inn they inquire: "Will it pay? Is it popular? Is it successful?" At the manger they ask: "Is it right? Is it true? Is it helpful?—From the December Circle Magazine.

Will Interest Wives.

A Brooklyn wife has found a new way to make her recreant husband disgorge a portion of his earnings. He was $15 shy on his food bill and refused to come to the center. Then she got a strangle hold on his windpipe and extracted his store teeth. These she kept for ransom until the half-starved man was forced to produce the amount.

Auction.

At public sale, to highest bidder, I offer the following stock:

1 new Virgin, 1 good milk cow, 1 yearling heifer, 1 nine-month calf, about 5 tons of hay, 1 light farm wagon, 1 platform wagon, 1 set double work harness, 1 new McCormick mowing machine, 1 new McCormick rake, 1 new plow, 1 drag, and various farm tools. Also a lot of house furniture.

Sale to be held at John Stoneberg's residence on Swede Hill, near Crosby, commencing at 10 a. m. Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1908.

Terms of Sale—Less than $10 cash; sales above $10, 50 days on approved paper.

C. M. BENSON, Auctioneer.

Colds contracted at this season of the year should be treated with Hoyt's Laxative Cough Syrup. It clears the head and throat. Instant relief for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, hoarseness and bronchial troubles. Should be kept in the house for children. It is pleasant to take and gently laxative. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

18tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

For chapped hands, face and lips Pinesalve Carbolized is immediate relief. (Acts like a poultice). Good for cuts, burns, bruises, skin diseases. Draws out inflammation. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Rings Little Liver Pills prevent biliousness, sick headache, and keep you well. Do not gripe. A pill in time that will save nine. Price 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Horses for Sale.

10 horses for sale drivers and workers. Inquire of J. T. Edwards at the fair grounds or of A. T. Palmer at Palmer's Livery, 201 Water street, Smethport.

Expenses low; advantages superior; fine location; easily accessible. Clarion State Normal School. Write for catalog and illustrated matter to J. George Becht, Principal, Clarion, Pa.

Lumber.

For sale cheap, two thousand feet of seasoned ash lumber two inches thick, all lengths and widths.

C. H. GLEASON.

Where do we get the Best Holly Wreaths? From Andorfer & Lyle.

For your final Christmas presents call on Mollie E. Pierce.

John Rossiter's Christmas Present.

By GEORGE H. PICARD.

Copyright, 1906, by G. H. Picard.

WHEN Allen Armitage died which he did suddenly on his sixtieth birthday everybody wondered what would become of Janet—pretty, irresponsible Janet, his young wife. She had been Armitage's wife since her eighteenth birthday. He had not made up his mind to marry until he was past fifty.

Although he was sufficiently alert as to the main chance in business dealings, Armitage had not been markedly successful in his ventures. The year before his death he discovered a promising bed of fire clay on a piece of land which he owned on the outskirts of the village, and he made up his mind to exploit it to his own advantage. He had little ready money, and he mortgaged his real estate to the limit to obtain the means to float the enterprise. Before it began to yield an appreciable return he was beyond the need of it. It was a promising undertaking, all Crosskill admitted it, but that did not restrain her friends from wondering as to the probable future of Janet.

They had not long to speculate. The day after the funeral Janet told Tom Masterson, her father, who was at least ten years the junior of her late husband, that she intended to devote all her energies to the development of the brickyard. Tom knew from past experience that it would be fruitless to object, but he did and in the course of the argument which followed became so earnest in his opposition that he was led to apply to his daughter an epithet against the use of which the Scriptures are notably explicit.

"I'm not a fool," she dissented proudly, "and now that I have a chance I'm going to demonstrate the fact."

Janet did demonstrate it, and the way she did it was a revelation. In less than two years after she assumed control of the [illegible] business it became [illegible] that she was able to pay off [illegible] indebtedness. Then she proceeded to enlarge the plant and to improve the quality of her product. Almost [illegible] it she had a most [illegible] the village bank [illegible] of her [illegible] and for Janet's wares [illegible] she could supply [illegible] employed as superintendent [illegible] to be a veritable [illegible] honest and [illegible] There existed the most perfect harmony between the [illegible] of Italian brickmakers and their [illegible] employer.

Before she was thirty-five Janet had become the village magnate. Prosperity and the outdoor life had done great things for her. She had developed into a noble woman, freed from the trivialities which had been a part of her girlhood and endowed with that completed comeliness which is never within the grasp of the very young. So she seemed to everybody who knew her and more especially to John Rossiter, the cashier of the village bank, who had loved her since the very day on which he might do so legitimately and who had told her so as quickly thereafter as decency would permit.



"WHY DID YOU, THEN?" SHE DEMANDED ILLOGICALLY.

At the time Rossiter's declaration had not impressed Janet profoundly, nor had she at any subsequent period found her persistent admirer more engrossing than the business of brickmaking. Until she should, she assured herself—and everybody else who broached the subject, it would be folly to make any change in her way of living. She admitted, to herself only, that John was a man among a thousand, and it was not at all disagreeable to have him fond of her. She had demonstrated, however, that she was abundantly able to look after her own interests, and that fact alone should entitle her to immunity from such a sentimental position as that which John seemed anxious to have her occupy. She liked him well enough, but—

The time came when Janet believed that she hated him. It was the day when she learned that he had given up his position at the bank and had organized a company for the purpose of converting the traprock of Duke mountain into gravel for commercial uses. At first she refused to credit the story. It seemed incredible that any one who had been born within the shadow of Duke mountain, the historic landmark which made Crosskill distinguished for something nobler than the quality of its fire clay, could be guilty of such vandalism.

It was true, however, and when Janet realized fully that John Rossiter and his company had actually obtained possession of the river side of the mountain and were preparing to erect a stone crushing plant and to install an army of [illegible] Italian diggers at the foot of the beetling height she was shocked and indignant. There was justification sufficient for her wrath. Less than two years previously she had bought a piece of land abutting on the mountain and had built thereon a handsome house in which she had settled herself comfortably with the assurance that no uncongenial neighbor could ever harass her from the mountain side. That the unforeseen was actually imminent and, above all, that John Rossiter should be its agent made her desperate. She resolved that it should not be.

So she went to him with her avalanche of protests and reproaches. To her surprise and infinite chagrin she was unable to lodge them effectively. He listened with admirable gallantry, but Janet Armitage realized before she had launched a tithe of her argument that John Rossiter had made up his mind.

"I couldn't—nobody could—have believed you capable of such—such an awful desecration!" she declared, with a manifest intention to put him on the defensive.

"I hated to do it," he confessed soberly. "I really did."

"Why did you, then?" she demanded illogically.

"I must have money," he replied simply.

"One needs very little in Crosskill," she said. "You certainly must need it very much to be tempted to do what you expect. It must be another case of life or death."

"Oh, hardly as bad as that!" He laughed rather uneasily. Then his face sobered and his voice became lower and somewhat unsteady. "It might not seem necessary to another man, but it does to me. Shall I tell you all about it, Janet?"

"No," she returned hastily, "I must decline to have anything to do with such a detestable thing."

"Then we must let it go at that," he said, with a quick resumption of his business manner. "Let it stand that I want money for precisely the same reasons that influence the average man—for a steam yacht, a house in Fifth avenue, a castle in Killarney, a"—

Janet did not remain to hear further. At bay, but still unvanquished, she retired, and from that day gave herself up unreservedly to the task of frustrating the design of the traprock company. The weight of public sentiment was with her, and she manipulated it in every possible manner that her ingenuity could suggest.

Nothing was of the slightest avail. The big crushing machinery came up the river in sections, was unloaded at the foot of the mountain and put together and began at once its merciless [illegible] of the picturesque [illegible] which had been loosened by the mighty fulminations and sharp pickaxes of the gang of dwarfed and tusky Italians that had camped just without Janet's inclosure.

It was a trying period for Janet Armitage. She was the most wretched woman in Crosskill when she knew that she should have been the happiest. She was the prey of contending emotions. It almost crushed her to be brought face to face with the knowledge that the power to make her supremely unhappy had been delegated to any one, and it grieved and humiliated her inexpressibly that the person delegated should have been John Rossiter. Most exasperating of all was the tardy conviction—unwelcome, yet unmistakable—that the man who had brought her to this extremity of discomfort was dearer to her than life itself.

All this came home to her with tremendous significance as she sat alone at her dinner on Christmas day. Everything seemed strangely unreal. The season itself was as unlike the typical holiday time as it well could be. Thus far there had not lodged a single snowflake on the hemlocks to herald the approach of winter. The air was soft and balmy, and there was a hazy lull in it that suggested a belated Indian summer. The unseasonableness of the weather was positively disquieting. It was impossible to fit the Christmas essentials into the scene.

"Open the windows, Beppo—wide open!" she called out to a half grown boy who stood looking in on her from the veranda outside. "It's positively stifling." Beppo was a swarthy Sicilian lad whom she had rescued from the mountain gang and befriended and who was repaying her for her protection with a devotion that was almost tragic in its earnestness.

Beppo threw open the unlatched door windows and stood in one of them in an attitude of rapt admiration. There was nothing at all reserved about Beppo. His effusiveness was a thing to be dreaded and repressed. Standing framed in the tall window, he seemed to Janet to be especially out of place and melodramatic. It irritated her to see him standing there, so suggestive of an opera chorus or a trumpery Neapolitan figurine. It was all very well, she told herself, to have him about when he was a starved and helpless waif left to shift for himself, but now—really she must send him down to the yards to see if anything could be made of him.

Then she saw John Rossiter coming along the river road on his way up the mountain. If it had annoyed her to see how strong and handsome Beppo was growing it was even more disturbing to discover that her arch enemy had lost something of his old time erectness of figure and lightness of step. She even fancied that he was looking worn and that he was less particular in his personal appearance than usual. As he passed the house he saw Janet and raised his hat politely. She bowed frigidly in return and called out sharply to Beppo:

"Close those windows! It's frightfully chilly in here!"

Beppo closed them, himself on the inside. He advanced slowly with the most theatric and unnatural progression, now and then half turning to shake his clinched fist in the direction of the fast receding figure of the man who was beginning to ascend the mountain.

"No more! Nevair more!" he hissed mysteriously.

Janet was speechless with astonishment. She was familiar with the lad's heroics, but really this was something out of the ordinary!

"Dis nighta," continued Beppo in a sibilant whisper, "he mus' a die!"

"Now, what do you mean?" Janet demanded sternly, with the evident intention of getting at the bottom of the matter. "Sit right down in that chair and tell me without any more nonsense."

For a reply Beppo drew his hand across his throat and gurgled suggestively.

Janet was beginning to be seriously alarmed. She knew that the youngster was emotional to the verge of absurdity and that he was not to be depended upon in an emergency. She had discovered that he had a passion for exaggeration, but it seemed to her that there must be something real about this.

"Beppo," she commanded in a tone that left no alternative, "do as I tell you!"

This brought to terms the young Sicilian. Whispered a tale of contemplated assassination and robbery that would have been a veritable boon to one of the operatic maestri of the last generation. Three men of the mountain gang, he declared, had plotted to murder and rob John Rossiter on that very Christmas night, knowing that he would be alone in his office on the mountain. Beppo gave all the details of the dastardly business with the most ingenious explicitness and seemed to expect Janet to share his enthusiasm over the removal of her enemy.

Janet did not stop to sift the matter. It was sufficient for her that the man she loved was threatened by a danger which she might avert. She did not hesitate a moment. Distrusting Beppo, she feigned satisfaction at the prospect of so soon being rid of her enemy and sent the boy to the village on an errand. As soon as he was out of sight she left her house and began to ascend the mountain as quickly as she could.

Half an hour later she stood at the open door of Rossiter's cabin and face to face with its occupant.

"Janet," he asked her doubtingly, "are you actually here?"

"Yes," she returned breathlessly and without looking at him at all. "I have come to offer you a Christmas gift."

He looked at her amazedly, but did not speak.

"I have come to offer you your life."

"I don't understand; really I do not, Janet," he said helplessly.

Then she told him Beppo's story.

He heard it to the end without a word of comment. When she had finished he sighed long and deeply.

"I am disappointed," he said, with a curious little quaver in his voice. "I am disappointed in my Christmas present. I hoped—I thought perhaps it might be something better."

"What is better than life?"

"You are, far better," he declared solemnly.

Janet knew that the long conflict was ended, and the knowledge lifted the weight from her heart.

"If you really believe anything of [illegible]," she began. [illegible]

"I forgot to tell you that there isn't a word of truth in your precious Beppo's story," he said as they were descending the mountain. "Why, the very men he named are in the village lockup at the present moment, too full of holiday, you know. I saw them as I came up from the train. They are all good workmen, and in the morning I shall go down and pay their fines and get them out of limbo."

[illegible] ways of paying [illegible] raising [illegible] in laying out [illegible]

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J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Merry Christmas.

—Note the change in H. C. Wells' Christmas advertisement this week.

—In honor of its 30th anniversary the Sunbury Daily issued a special edition containing a history of the Daily and many pictures of the plant, its equipment and force.

—Secretary W. O. Neely of the McKean County Game and Fish Protective association has received a supply of application blanks for trout fry to be used in restocking the streams of this locality. Anyone wishing same will please call at the Neely drug store, says the Bradford Era.

—A few days ago A. E. Herriman, N. H. Howe and Mrs. Louise Whitaker were overcome by fumes from a gas engine in the Galeton laundry owned by Mr. Herriman. They have fully recovered but had a narrow escape. Mr. Herriman formerly lived here where he has many friends.

—Yesterday at Mills, while John Hall was drilling a water well on his lot, oil was found on the water at a depth of about 80 feet. In a pint bottle of water there was a spoonful of crude oil. Much excitement, we are told, reigns there, and a stock company will probably be formed to test the territory for oil.—Ulysses Sentinal.

—A Butler preacher claims to have discovered a scheme to beat the law of gravitation and put the railroad companies out of business. The reverend gentleman asserts he can poise himself in the air above the earth and let the old ball roll on until it brings around the place where he desires to alight. Rev. Shredenovitch wants $100,000 for his secret of how to circle the earth in 24 hours.

—Mrs. Otis Bellinger, an employe at the county home, met with a shocking accident on Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock. She was engaged in operating the ironing machine in the laundry and in some manner the fingers of her left hand were caught in the mangle rollers and the arm was drawn into the machine nearly up to the shoulder before the power was shut off. The arm was crushed and ground to a pulp, pieces of the flesh and bones adhering to the cogs of the machine, presenting a sickening sight.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—A woman out in Illinois hasn't touched a drop of water in 40 years. Moreover, she declares water tippling is nothing but a habit, and a bad one at that, placing it in the same class with tobacco chewing.

—Last Wednesday Mrs. Charles H. Whaley of Grand Valley, Warren county, committed suicide by cutting her throat. Mrs. Whaley had been ill for some time and it is thought she was temporarily demented. Her son, George R. Whaley, saw his mother kill herself. Mrs. Whaley is survived by her husband, a prominent lumberman, and three children.

—In the year 1909, there will be four eclipses, two of the sun and two of the moon. A total eclipse of the moon June 3, visible in parts of North America. A total eclipse of the sun June 17, visible in North America as far south as a line drawn from San Francisco to the mouth of the Rio Grande River. At Philadelphia it is visible as a partial eclipse. A total eclipse of the moon November 27, visible in North America. A partial eclipse of the sun December 12, invisible in the United States.

—The average young man and woman get their ideas of life from fiction instead of the cold facts of existence, says the Punxsutawney Spirit, consequently their ambitious and aspirations are iridescent dreams. Life is a tragedy, and the best we can do is to intersperse it with sufficient comedy to relieve the monotony. There are no real Arcadians on this earth. Nature is sympathetic and hands out many gold bricks to keep her children in good heart, knowing that, in the end, we must all pass through the valley of the Shadows. To be interested in your work is about the nearest approach to happiness. The rainbows of promise dissolve into thin air as we approach them, and sensual pleasures are Dead Sea apples that crumble to dust at the touch.

Personal experience with a tube of ManZan Pile Remedy will convince you it is immediate relief for all forms of piles. Can be applied directly to the affected parts, reducing inflammation, swelling and itching. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form regulates the liver, relieves sick headache, constipation, stomach, kidney disorders and acts as a gentle laxative. It is particularly recommended for jaundice chills, fever and malaria. Its tonic effects on the entire system are felt with the first dose. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times as much as the 50c size. Pleasant to take. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Poultry Toilets.

"Now we will make this white hen's toilet."

And the pet stock dealer laid beside a small bathtub a box of cold cream, a bottle of brilliantine, a couple of brushes, a flannels, towels and soap.

He bathed the hen in the tub. He scrubbed her feathers till they were snowy. Then he toweled her, wrapped her up and put her away in a warm box.

"Tomorrow," he said, "after she is quite dry I'll rub brilliantine on one of these brushes and polish her coat till it shines like satin. I'll oil and polish her feet too. Her face and wattles I'll rub well with cold cream—that will deepen and enrich the color, the bloom. Altogether, when I'm done with her she'll be as smooth and shiny and immaculate as a new silk hat or a well laundered, white evening shirt.

"For exhibitions chickens have these elaborate toilets always—much more elaborate ones sometimes. In certain breeds I have seen the tail feathers being curled with an electric iron one by one."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

First Giraffe In Europe.

Dr. Johnson, as is well known, refused for many months to believe in the Lisbon earthquake, and Parisians formerly were just as skeptical as to the existence of the giraffe, a new specimen of which has just been added to the Jardin des Plantes. The earliest specimen of these gentle creatures was seen in Paris in the reign of Louis XVI. We learn from a French contemporary that the giraffe was first heard of in 1787, when it was described by a Frenchman named Levaillant, who had journeyed in the lands of the Hottentots and Kaffirs. When the explorer referred to the animals with the long necks he was looked upon as a Munchausen and told that he was such in not the politest language. It was only when some living specimens arrived in the French capital that Levaillant's reputation for veracity was re-established, and then the animals for a long time formed the sensation of Paris, not only among the multitude, but in all scientific circles.—London Globe.

"The Light That Failed."

A wealthy Riverina squatter, now defunct, as he used to phrase it, "to the great majority," was noted almost as much for his *bête noir* for his parsimony. He also stuttered very badly and helped along his halting utterance with a frequent ejaculation of, "D'ye see? D'ye see?" His niggardly traits gained him widespread local unpopularity and the bitter enmity of sundowners, who were always rigorously refused rations at his stations.

Smarting under this niggardly inhospitality, some disappointed swaggerers once set fire to one of the squatter's wool sheds and then wrote upon a gate: "We've well burnt down your wool shed. D'ye see? D'ye see?"

Of course it caught the big man's eye when next he passed through. For a moment he contemplated the announcement and then with a sardonic grin took the stump of a blue pencil from his pocket and scribbled underneath: "It was well insured. D'ye see? D'ye see?"—London Standard.

Electricity and Magnetism.

As to what electricity and magnetism are "in themselves"—that is to say, as to their real nature—nothing is known. They are absolute mysteries, baffling the subtlest research into their innermost secrets. But about their modes of action it is possible to say something definite. For example, electricity appears to depend for its action upon a medium, while magnetism, like gravity, acts at a distance and by means of no visible go-between. Place two magnets in vacuo or even place a solid plate of glass or metal or wood between the magnets and we still find that their mutual action depends solely on their relative position and is not perceptibly modified by placing any substance between them unless that substance happens to be one of the magnetic metals.—New York American.

Ursa Major and Ursa Minor.

A pretty myth is told of Callisto and her son in connection with Ursa Major and Ursa Minor. Juno changed the beautiful Callisto into a bear, who, seeing her son one day, advanced to embrace him, when he, not knowing his mother in the form of a bear, was about to thrust his spear through her, to prevent which Jupiter snatched them both up to heaven and placed them among the stars as the Great and Little Bears.

All One Kind.

"What did father say when you told him of our engagement?" asked the young lady.

"Well—er—really, Phyllis," began the ineligible young man.

"Oh, leave out the strong language."

"Then there's nothing to tell you."

Probably Not.

"Baseball," maintained the dogmatic citizen, "is very ancient. Baseball games were probably going on at the time of the flood."

"Do you s'pose they gave rain checks?" inquired the facetious citizen with irritating levity.—Exchange.

Declining.

"Miss Frocks has reached her declining years," said Jones.

"Nonsense," replied Brown. "She's not more than twenty-five."

"But she has declined half a dozen men."

The "Leading Heavy."

"What's the matter now?"

"We're playin' circus parade, an' Willie's a bein' the elephant an' the lion an' the hipp'otamus an' the calliope, an' it ain't fair!"—Life.

Pinnules for the Kidneys are little golden globules which act directly on the kidneys. A trial will convince you of quick results for Backache, Rheumatism, Lumbago and tired wornout feelings. 30 days' trial $1.00. They purify the blood. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come, quick! there's Fido! I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!"

"Oh, no; I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her much aggrieved. "Well," he said indignantly, "I guess my 'magination isn't white behind."—Delineator.

Too Suggestive.

Wimbleton—Hello, Simpelton! How did you enjoy your visit to the insane asylum the other day? Simpelton—Oh, so-so. It was all right enough, I guess. Wimbleton—Well, you don't talk as though you were impressed with it. Did you give the superintendent my note of introduction? Simpelton—Yes, I gave it to him. Wimbleton—Well, what did he say? Simpelton—Oh, he just looked at me and said, "Make yourself at home."—Lippincott's.

Wedding Present Problem.

What people ought to do when they send out invitations to a wedding is to add after the R. S. V. P. the letters P. S. L., which stand for "Please send list." The would be donor would then send a selection of, say, four articles from 1 shilling to £1,000 in value, and the bride would pick out what she wished.—London World.

"Smart" Manners.

A well-dressed crowd is always the worst behaved crowd. If any one doubts this truism let him ask any London policeman who has had to grapple with a crowd of fashionable ladies.—Nottingham Guardian.

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The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

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AT THIS SEASON when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

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STOCKED FARM OF 225 ACRES NEAR GOOD MARKET PLACE.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 225 acres, located 2 miles from Port Allegany, Pa., on R. F. D. Valley and hill land, rich red soil, watered by 3 springs and creeks. Good fences. Ten-room house in good repair, barn 70x80 with cow shed. Barn has silo and is in good repair. This farm is one-half mile from school and 2 miles from cheese factory and railroad station. Included with the farm is 30 cows, and fodder to carry them to grass, drill, mower, reaper, and other farm tools and machinery. Port Allegany is a splendid market town of 4,000 population, located on two railroads. Price for everything, $6,000. Terms $2,500 cash, balance on easy yearly payments. Write or telephone.

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The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

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Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Dec. 24, 1908.

THE election of two United States Senators and the hot contest for Speaker of the House will make things more than lively in the Pennsylvania Legislature this winter.

THERE are any number of candidates springing up to fill the vacancy to be made in the United States Senate by the resignation of Senator Knox, and this is likely to be a more spirited contest than that between Mr. Penrose and Mr. Sheatz.

AT Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., on Sunday, Major Orlando Jay Smith, president, general manager and founder of the American Press Association, died, aged 60 years. He was a journalist of national reputation and was unusually well known to the newspaper fraternity.

DOWN in Kentucky last Thursday morning Elmer Hill, a white man, was lynched for assaulting and murdering a 13-year-old girl. He was taken out of jail by a mob and after confessing to the crime was strung up to a tree. Whites receive the same treatment accorded blacks in that district.

DR. ELIOT, for 39 years head of Harvard college, says that the punishment of crime in the United States is not sufficiently drastic. He claims that good, old fashioned justice is needed in this country and he would have such justice administered without fear, favor, sentiment or mawkish sympathy.

IN selecting United State Senator Philander C. Knox of Pennsylvania for a member of his Cabinet as Secretary of State, Mr. Taft has made an excellent choice and awarded merit in a creditable manner. Mr. Knox is one of the most brilliant and successful men in public life in the United States to-day and he is certain to make an excellent official.

THE total value of all farm products for the year reaches the extraordinary record in the world's history, $7,778,000,000, which is real tangible wealth, says the report, wealth at the time it leaves the hands of the producer. As an instance of comparison it is about four times the value of the products of the mines, including mineral oil and precious metals.

MARGUERITE A. THAW, 83 years old, aunt of Harry K. Thaw, died on Tuesday night at the Friends' Asylum, for the insane in Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia. The fact that she was an inmate of the asylum for the insane was used in the second trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White, when a defense of insanity was advanced in behalf of Thaw.

T. J. HAINES, brother of Captain Hains who killed William E. Annis, is now being tried for his part in the murder. Mrs. Annis testified that T. J. Hains interrupted her when she was trying to wake her husband and placed a revolver against her back and said, "You move and you'll get the same." The testimony of Mrs. Annis was extremely damaging.

ON a charge of criminal libel made by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., S. S. Carvalho, president of the Star Company, publishers of William R. Hearst's New York American, was arrested last Friday. The cause was the publication of an article headed "John D. Rockefeller Originated Peonage in Stockade, It Is Said." The case will be stubbornly fought out in the courts.

THE German Kaiser is on the water wagon for life. A few days ago, it is said, Emperor William took the pledge for life. The emperor has had a special drink concocted which has the color and fizz of champagne, but which is absolutely non-alcoholic. He will drink this on all state occasions and public dinners to avoid embarrassment, but in private even this substitute is discarded.

PROF. WHITE of Morgantown, a geologist of repute, sounds a note of warning against the present system of drilling wells for oil and gas and then abandoning the holes when the gas or oil can no longer be drawn from the wells at a profit. He says that by these holes, connecting one stratum with another openings are made into coal-bearing levels and that coal mining becomes still more hazardous because of the dissemination of deadly gases from one level to another.

AT a hearing before the Ways and committee on tariff revision, Andrew Carnegie stated that American manufacturers could stand it without any serious injury to the business if the tariff was taken off steel. The examination of Mr. Carnegie covered the widest range and a multiplicity of subjects. The great iron master could not be swerved from his position. He could not be led into figures as to the actual cost of steel at home or abroad, but his generalizations were acute and pointed and his readiness with answer was remarkable.

THE four Capitol grafters have been sentenced to a term in the Eastern penitentiary but just when they will commence serving their sentences is hard to state. An appeal has been taken to the Superior Court and if the decision of the lower court is upheld in this body, the case will be appealed to the Supreme Court, and if possible taken from there to the United States Supreme Court in case the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania refuses to release them. However, Governor Stuart and the commission appointed to make the investigation have done their full duty and have done it fearlessly. The cases of others implicated in the Capitol grafting will come up for trial at the January term of court in Dauphin county.

IN both the Senate and House there is open war against the President already and there is observable a clearly defined purpose not only to make the remainder of the Roosevelt administration uncomfortable for him, but to send him forth a discredited man, if possible. The fine hand of the railroads is to be seen, particularly in the Senate, where the old guard has reformed its lines and will stand solidly against all of the Roosevelt policies and against every bit of legislation that Roosevelt favors. The House and Senate may be able to discredit him within their own bodies, but it will be a different thing when they attempt to discredit him with the people. And when these Senators and Congressmen come up before their people for re-election there will be others discredited.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to increase the salary of the President of the United States from $50,000 per year to $100,000 per year and that of Vice President from $12,000 to $35,000. At the time this salary was fixed which was many years ago, one dollar had more purchasing power than two has now and the United States was not half as large as it is to-day. Therefore the duties of those executives have been practically doubled and their salaries virtually cut in half. The heads of other governments of similar size receive compensations from ten to one hundred times this amount, and even at that some of them seem to think they are underpaid. These salaries should by all means be raised to the amount asked in this bill and many are of the opinion that they should be even larger.

PITTSBURG has a sensation on for Christmas that will give the inhabitants of that busy town something to talk about for a few days at least. Seven members of the councils of that city and two bankers were arrested Monday night on charges of conspiracy, corrupt solicitation and bribery. The accused are William Brand, president of the common council, Jacob Soffel, Jr., Hugh Ferguson, Captain John F. Kleib, W. H. Mehaffy, Joseph C. Wasson and T. Ollie Atkinson. All are members of the common council except Atkinson, who is a member of the select council. The bankers are President W. W. Ramsey and A. A. Nilsack, cashier of the German National Bank. Members of the the Civic League are said to be responsible for these arrests. The information goes on to say that the charges referred to cover a period of two years. The amounts of money the members of councils are said to have received are fabulous. They are alleged to have held up all city legislation against Mayor Guthrie.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Sturdevant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

THE LARGEST

line of

HOLIDAY GOODS

ever shown in

SMETHPORT

at

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett's

CITY STORE.



BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 860 Union Phone 462

HOLIDAY SHOPPERS

are well aware of the fact that the best place in McKean County to find just what they want is at the old reliable stand,

WELLS' DRUG STORE.

For many years past I have made a special endeavor to keep a line of Holiday Goods from which everybody could find something that just suits their wants and their pocketbooks and to-day I feel that I better know and am better prepared to supply your wants than ever before.

My long experience in handling Holiday gifts has taught me what to buy and what not to buy so thoroughly that now my stock comprises an article for every buyer and a buyer for every article.

I will not try to enumerate the many articles in stock, but merely say that I have a complete stock—Leather Goods, Toilet Articles, Decorative Novelties, Perfumes, Etc.

On account of the stringency of the money market I will sell my entire stock of toys and other holiday goods at greatly reduced prices.

Thanking my many customers for your liberal patronage in the past and hoping to merit the same in the future, I am

Truly yours,

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have a large stock of useful and valuable Christmas Gifts. A beautiful line of china and glass ware at 10 and 15 cents. Dolls, books, knife, etc.

Also an elegant assortment of neckwear and belts. Big reduction on coats for ladies and children. Don't fail to see these before buying.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman

Christmas Candies

Grapes, Grape Fruit,

Oranges, All Kinds of Mixed Nuts,

Celery, Lettuce.

GIVE ME A TRIAL.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.



I have been at ENGSTROM'S GROCERY, and you can tell that I am pleased. Its an old idea about a pleased customer being the best advertisement for a store. We believe in continuous advertising of this kind. Our Groceries are of the satisfying sort. You will feel that every article from our stock is well worth the price, and will be glad to order another lot of the same brand. We lay more stress on high quality than on low price. Our values are just. Make up an order for us and be pleased.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions. Smethport, Pa.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove,

Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

178 One Hundred Seventy-eight 178

pairs of $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Terlune Shoes put on sale at

$2.98 a pair.

All good Union Made Shoes with prices stamped on the sole. The firm retired so we are closing out the balance of their stock. Try a pair for $2.98.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

McCoy's Drug Store

has a better line of Holiday Goods than ever before.

Books for young and old,

Bric-a-brac, Stationery, Games,

Prayer Books, Bibles,

Book Cases, Toilet Sets,

Smoking Sets,

Pocket Books, Cigar Cases.

In fact anything you want for Christmas. Come and give us a call.

McCoy's Drug Store

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

THE STEEL COACH—A TRAVEL SAFEGUARD.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has now in operation on its lines east of Pittsburg over two hundred passenger coaches, dining cars, baggage cars, and mail cars of the new all-steel type.

The solid steel framework of these cars, designed to resist shock and minimize the dangers of collision, is further strengthened by the steel sheathing enclosing the body of the car. In fact, everything about the coach is steel, save the window frames, the cushions of the seats and the flooring. Such little woodwork as enters into the make-up of the coach, the plush with which the car seats are covered and the hair with which they are stuffed is treated to a fire-proofing process, whilst the floors are cement, thus rendering the coach at once practically indestructible and thoroughly fire-proof. It is built like a battleship.

The new coach is longer than the standard car generally in use on the railroads of this country, and has a comfortable seating capacity of sixty to ninety people according to the style of the coach.

The unusual weight of the coaches gives to them a solidity that greatly increases the comfort of the passenger.

The seats are adjusted to a more convenient space and angle, the coaches are all lighted with electricity and amply ventilated in winter as well as summer by new and thoroughly tested methods.

The interior finish of the coach is plain though pleasing to the eye. The absence or ornamentation enhances the idea of strength and at the same time assures absolute cleanliness and thorough sanitation.

Steel cars are now in use on the principal trains between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and on the Main Line between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. The number of cars is constantly being increased as the finished product comes from the shops.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's equipment is recognized as as the Standard of America.

Are you satisfied with the Coffee you are using?

We are now offering

Bower & Bartlett's Favorite Boston Coffees.

Agents' Special Brand,	20c	Blue Ribbon Brand,	25c
Family Brand,	30c	Society Brand	35c

Direct from Importers and Roasters. The quality and price will please you.

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St W. H. Timmerford, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

We are ready for Christmas

Better prepared than ever before to help you with your Christmas Shopping.

We Announce the Readiness of the CHRISTMAS STORE

What to give is indeed a problem. But it is a problem which is easily solved if you will but let us help you. We are showing scores of things which will make most acceptable and useful gifts.

A dainty bit of jewelry or a hand comb or comb set. Hair Ornaments and Fancy Combs always attract the fair sex. Hand bags, too, are good. We have them in all styles and priced from 25c to $8.00. Also a line of hand purses, complete and attractive.

In handkerchiefs we always excell. The dainty patterns and new materials, priced as high as $2.00 and down. Thousands and thousands of the spotless white, gathered from all quarters of the globe.

Every woman longs for a set of Furs. We have these to please the most exacting. Or a Coat. The newest models are on our racks and we will be glad to show you the new ones and, too, can save you money.

Possibly a pair of shoes or slippers would be the thing. A new umbrella, engraved with name or letters to suit. Many even feature the Popular Munsing Union Suits for Holiday gifts, as they are useful and comfortable and you could get no better underwear.

A pair of gloves for $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 will not be an idle gift. Every woman needs another pair of gloves and will appreciate them.

For the children you will find toys, games, dolls and doll furniture in abundance. Everything to make the little tots happy. Also everything to keep them warm.

THE CHRISTMAS STORE

"Lindholm's"

DALY & GARLICK

YOU HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE.

There are only a few short days in which to make your Christmas purchases. Don't lose a minute or waste on senseless things, but come right to us where you know you will save money and get sensible gifts.

Gifts for the Ladies

Chafing Dishes, Crumb Trays, Cake and Bread Trays, Coffee and Tea Pots, Bon Bon Dishes, Baking Dishes, Syrup Pitchers, Sugar and Creamers, Carpet Sweepers, Food Choppers and Silverware.

Gifts for the Men.

Pocket Knives, Safety Razors, Shaving Mugs and Brushes, Guns and Revolvers.

Gifts for the Boys and Girls

Skates, Sleds, Air Rifles, Express Wagons, Toy Carpet Sweepers, Toy Wringers, Watches, a full line of Iron Toys of all kinds—Trains, Banks, Automobiles, &c.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See change in Mrs. Hinman's advertisement.

—Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park entertained a few friends Saturday evening.

—Attend the basket ball game at the Lyceum this (Wednesday) evening.

—See that your less fortunate neighbor does not go hungry on Christmas day.

—The Methodist Episcopal Sunday school held its annual supper and Christmas tree in the chapel on Tuesday evening.

—Dance at the Lyceum Saturday night. Admission 50c. Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music and a good time is assured.

—A full attendance is desired at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. next Saturday at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel to attend to important business.

—Some little gift to a poor neighbor's child will give you more real pleasure than a much larger gift to one who will have plenty on Christmas day.

—There will be Christmas services in the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday morning and evening with special sermons and special music.

—Mr. Stanley Brader of Scranton, Pa., and Miss Mildred Grimmells, one of the teachers in the Mt. Jewett public schools, will be married at the home of her parents at Blossburg, Pa., Thursday, December 24.

—The dance given at East Smethport last Thursday evening for the benefit of the I. O. O. F. band was fairly well attended and everybody had a good time.

—Mrs. Harriet McAllister, aged 75 years, died at the home of her son, Burt McAllister, in Bradford, last Tuesday evening. She had been sick for five weeks with ills incidental to old age.

—As the result of a social gathering at Costello a few days ago Steve Bozsik was so badly cut that he may die and his assailant, Joseph Aranyosi, is in the Potter county county jail awaiting the result of his work. The injured man is said to be in a dangerous condition.

—Rube Waddell, the well known baseball player, who was born in Bradford, and who is now located at Sparta, Ill., has told a Bradford acquaintance that he will be back in his native town "Old Home Week" with bells on and colors flying.—Era.

—The writer is indebted to Mrs. Charles McKean for some Teddy apples which are grown in the State of Washington and the entire crop sold by a well-known Pittsburg grocer. They look something like the well-known sheep-nose apple but have a much more delicious and pungent flavor. Two or three left in a room over night will scent the entire room.

—Miss Crystal Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Wormer, and Mr. George Stanley Eaton of Libertyville, Ill., were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents on West Sullivan street, Olean, N. Y., on Tuesday, December 23, 1908, in the presence of a large circle of friends. The bride formerly lived in Smethport with her parents and she has many warm friends here who wish her and her husband a long life of unalloyed happiness.

—Charles Ward and David Pate, on the charge of conducting a gambling place, were sentenced to pay a fine each of $20 and costs. Other persons arrested in Saturday night's raid were discharged. Constable Mahin has supplemented the city action in this case by bringing commonwealth charges against Ward and Pate and thus gave bail for their appearance.—Bradford Era.

—Professor Saufelice of the University of Messina, claims to have discovered after 15 years of experiments that cancer is caused by a parasite and to have found a serum which kills it. He produced before an audience of physicians records and specimens of various cases he has cured. The cancer parasite belongs to the species or organic ferments and has been named saccharomyces neoformans.

—R. G Terry of this place was taken to the Kane hospital last Saturday and upon his arrival was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane. Peritonitis set in and Monday he was operated on again. Small hopes were entertained for his recovery but this morning word came from Kane that he was improving. Mr. Terry has many friends in this place who will be pleased to hear that he now has good chances for recovery.

—Last week we published an article in reference to hunters being liable to a fine for carrying a gun in the woods during the closed season which seems to have been misleading to some of our readers. The law referred to as we understand it does not make persons hunting for foxes or wildcats or any such game liable, but is intended to cover cases where it is evident that the persons are hunting for game that is protected by law. No one is liable when hunting for animals or birds not protected.

—"We Are King" was the attraction at the Lyceum last evening and it more than pleased the small crowd in attendance. The company is composed of some very clever actors and actresses, Miss Claire Vincent as "Princess Olivia," Geo. M. Rosener as "Count Sexendorf" and Frank H. Gardner as the dual role of "King of Kahnberg" and "Gustavus Vonnor, the Vagabond," being exceptionally fine. This show deserved a much larger attendance as it is one of the best shows ever seen in this place.

—Mathew L. Ruddy died suddenly in Oil City last Friday evening, while en route for his home in Bradford from West Virginia, the cause of his death being heart trouble. He was in the office of the American Hotel when struck on and died before a physician could reach him. Mr. Ruddy had been a resident of Bradford for a good many years and had a host of warm friends among his wide circle of acquaintances. He was formerly a member of the city councils and was chief police during the term of the late George C. Fagnan, as mayor. He was 62 years of age and was the father of 12 children and grandfather to 19 children.

—It is said that some of our local sports journeyed to an isolated spot last Sunday evening to witness a single hack fight between two of the best game birds in this vicinity. The journey, which was some distance from the heart of our town, was made secretly and clandestinely so as not to alarm the minions of the law. The aforesaid sports stood around in the cold barn while the preparations were made for the battle, which was expected to be a hard fought one. Finally the birds were in readiness and dropped into the pit and the first fly ended the battle and the winners and losers meandered back to the heart of civilization very much disappointed in the sudden termination of their fight.

—A carriage horse owned by H. O. Wells and driven by Edmund Whitelaw ran away Monday afternoon. The horse was hitched to a covered cutter and when turning around near the M. E. church the runners caught in the crust and overturned it, throwing the young man out. The frightened animal ran down church street to water and down Water to the little barn in the rear of Wells' drug store. The cutter was badly demolished and the horse's hind legs received numerous small cuts and bruises. Whitelaw escaped uninjured. This runaway frightened S. S. Fry's dray team standing alone on water street and it ran away, which was captured near the county home. No damage was done to Fry's team or rig.

—Last Thursday afternoon there was a lively scrap between some of the workmen at the Cut Glass factory. The result was a badly broken nose for one of the contestants and another got several bruises, it is stated. According to the report furnished the writer, the person who received the broken nose was making insulting remarks concerning certain girls who the other young man knew and when asked to retract he only repeated his remarks, making some of them more offensive, and the fight was on. When the loose-tongued young man went down and out another attempted to take his part, but soon discovered that he had tackled the wrong man. If more of these addle-pated, loose-tongued youngsters got the same treatment it would be a good thing.

Personal Mention.

Fred Capehart of Port Allegany had business in town Friday.

Walter Metcalf is spending his two weeks vacation in Rochester, N. Y.

F. M. Adams of Duke Center was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Mrs. John McAlpin departed Monday for a visit with relatives at Bradford.

Warley Gifford left Saturday for a visit with relatives in Chicago.

L. H. Winship of Turtle Point was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Miss Mattie Backus and Miss Viola Bulger were Eldred visitors on Monday.

Geo. Alcock and daughter, Violet, are visiting relatives and friends in Port Jervis.

Mrs. J. C. Backus was a guest of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Blake, at Eldred on Tuesday.

Mr and Mrs. F. P. Isherwood are spending the holidays with friends in Pittsburg.

Mrs. John Clark had business in Buffalo the first of the week, returning Wednesday.

Mrs. Jennie Tracy is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe, on Main street.

William Specht, Ralph Herzog and Ed. Glavin, State College students are home for the holidays.

Miss Maude Irons departed Wednesday for Erie, Pa., where she expects to remain for a few weeks.

Maurice Hungiville of Rixford was a visitor in town on Friday and was a welcome caller at this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dunjohn and daughter, Maude, of St. Marys were visitors in town over Sunday.

County Commissioner-elect A. M. Marsh of Bradford township was a business visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and daughters, Mirabel and Hannah, are spending Christmas in Binghamton.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Backus are in Uniesville, Pa., guests of Mrs. Backus' parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Shattuck.

Mrs. M. M. Pomeroy and daughter, Catherine, of Port Allegany are guests of Mrs. Pomeroy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Camp.

The Rev. W. A. Harris and wife will spend Christmas in Rochester, N. Y., with Dr. Irving Harris. Mr. Harris will be home for the Sunday services.

Mrs. John B. Eastman and daughter, Dorothy, returned Saturday from Port Allegany, where they had been guests of Mrs. Eastman's mother, Mrs. Squires, for a few days.

H. M. Chase returned home Saturday evening from Buffalo where he had been to attend the funeral of the late Byron Chaffee. Mr. Chaffee was a brother-in-law of Mr. Chase.

Miss Nettie Huntley and Mrs. O. A. Curtis spent Sunday with friends in Bradford, leaving there Monday for Buffalo where they will spend Christmas with their sister, Mrs. Chas. Hartmayer.

Cutters, Cutters, Cutters.

A nice assortment of Portland Cutters for sale at Palmer's Livery; also a few second hand cutters and single harness. Dec. 10, 1908-3t A. T. PALMER.

WM. MONHEIMER

WE STAMP AS

Absolutely Untruthful

the report that we are going out of business because we sell our

New and up-to-date Clothing at such unreasonable low prices.

We are doing this for no other reason than to turn our clothing into money now—instead of carrying the goods over to next year. Hence you can buy now

SUITS OR OVERCOATS,

New and Fresh Goods cut in the very latest fashions, and the pick of the season in all the newest shades

at these Low Prices:

$5.75

for Suits or Overcoats that were $8.50, 9.00 and 10.50.

$7.75

for Suits or Overcoats that were $12.50, 13.50 and 15.

$12.00

for Suits or Overcoats that were $18.50, 20, and 22.50.

50c on the dollar for any Child's or Boys' Suit or Overcoat in the house.

Your money's worth or your money back, at

MONHEIMER'S.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Bargains for Xmas Shoppers.

We offer some decided bargains for Thursday morning, Dec. 24th. Surplus Stocks, Small Lots and Odds and Ends priced for Quick Clearance. Read below.

1 lot Fancy China Vases at Half Price. 25c to $2.88.
25c Japanese China, assorted, 17c
$2.50 Carved Wood Pipe Racks, $1.25
25c Framed Pictures, 13c
50c Framed Pictures, 25c
1.25 Framed Pictures, 75c
2.00 Framed Pictures, 1.00
2.00 Toilet Sets, 1.25
25c Glove and Handkerchief Boxes, 17c
50c Teddy Bears, 38c
1.00 Teddy Bears, 75c
1.50 Teddy Bears, 1.13
2.50 Teddy Bears, 1.93
25c Dressed Dolls, 13c
50c Dressed Dolls, 25c
1.00 Dressed Dolls, 50c
1.00 Mechanical Doll Swings, 50c
1.00 Washing Machines, 50c
2.00 Tool Chests for Boys, 1.50
1.50 Crokinole Boards, 1.00
2.25 Combination Boards, 1.50
9.50 Fox Scarfs for Ladies, 7.50
1.00 White Angora Sets for Children, 75c
3.90 Bath Robes for Men, 2.75
5.00 Bath Robes for Men, 3.75

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. 4½ x 7½ INCHES. for 5 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

Fancy Goods.

I have opened my new store one door east of the Hotel Imperial and am displaying an exceptionally fine line of Silks, Linens, Drawn Work and Fancy Articles.

Call and see the display.

Mrs. Freda Thomas,

Smethport, - Penna.

BURDICK & SARTWELL

PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Scraps' Christmas

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1907, By F. H. Sweet.

IT was in the Old Ladies' home. One day Miss Virginia went to her sister with a stern face.

"Adelaide," she said, "where's my gold pin?"

"Have you looked in your best dress, Virginia? You might have left it there."

"I never did such a thing," answered her sister, "but I'll look."

She went to the closet just as Mrs. Slocum and Mrs. Perkins entered the room. With her head among the dresses she did not hear them.

"No, it ain't here, Adelaide!" she called.

"What ain't? What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Perkins, looking from Miss Adelaide's frightened face to Miss Virginia's grim one. "Have you lost something?"

"I can't find my pin," she said coldly. "I suppose I've mislaid it, that's all."

"Miss Virginia, you don't mean you can't find that gold pin! Here comes Miss Pratt. Miss Pratt, poor Miss Virginia has lost her gold pin. Leastways she says she's lost it, but there's other things besides losings."

Miss Virginia looked quickly at her sister. Miss Adelaide's eyes were round and frightened.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

Mrs. Perkins gave a quick glance around the circle and lowered her voice.



"NO, IT AIN'T HERE!"

"I mean," she said, "ain't you often showed that pin to Scraps?"

"Yes."

"And ain't she admired it?"

"Yes," admitted Miss Adelaide in a low voice.

Mrs. Perkins nodded triumphantly.

"Then," she said impressively, "it must either be in the room or have been taken out."

"Of course," she added softly, "there ain't but one person would touch it. I think the best thing would be to settle the matter now. Suppose we—just we five—go to Scraps' room and look. I always did suspect the girl."

"I don't believe she took it!" wailed Miss Adelaide. Mrs. Perkins paid no attention to her, but waited watchfully for the next opinion.

"It don't seem right to do that way. I'd rather ask the girl," said Miss Pratt.

"But if she's honest you'd hurt her feelings for nothing," insinuated Mrs. Perkins.

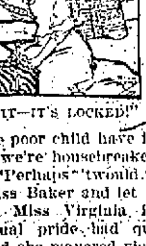
"And if we waited it might go on," she said, "or others might hear of it, and then 'twould be hard on the girl. Now, if just we five go no one need know. What do you say, Miss Virginia?"

"I'll go," she said briefly.

"Then we'd better go right off," said Mrs. Perkins. "She'll be back from school pretty soon. Come on, all," and she led the way. But Miss Adelaide held back.

"What are you waiting for?" said her sister sharply. "Come along."

So Miss Adelaide miserably joined the procession. They went softly down the corridor till they came to the door of Scraps' room. It was closed. Then for the first time they realized what they were doing. Miss Adelaide put a trembling hand on her sister's arm.



"IT—IT'S LOCKED!"

"Come away, Virginia. 'Tain't very much. Let the poor child have it. It—it seems as if we're housebreakers."

"Perhaps 'twould be better to tell Miss Baker and let her look," answered Miss Virginia irresolutely. Her usual pride had quite deserted her, and she wavered visibly. Mrs. Perkins suddenly darted ahead.

"Goodness me! I never see sech a pack o' cowards! 'Tain't as if she was one of us. She's nothing but a servant. Ain't we got a right to examine our servants' rooms for stolen goods, I'd like to know?" She opened the door violently.

"'Twouldn't take us long to look, at any rate," she said. "The room ain't bigger than a twopenny bit. Now, Miss Pratt, you feel in those clothes. Mis' Slocum, you take the bed, and if Miss Virginia will take one drawer I'll take the other. And there's Adelaide"—

"There don't seem to be any room for me, and I'm only in the way. My head aches too. I guess I'd better go back."

"Adelaide!" said her sister.

"There's that bag under the bed, Miss Adelaide," said Mrs. Perkins sweetly. "If you'd jest as soon take that." Miss Adelaide submitted meekly.

The room had space only for a cot bed, a small bureau, a chair and a corner washstand. There was a row of hooks behind the door, and on these hung Scraps' meager wardrobe, each article drooping forlornly, as if instinct with the pitiful loneliness of the girl. Miss Pratt's ample person as she stood before the garments searching in the pockets and hems made them seem by contrast only dejected shadows. Mrs. Slocum was poking around the mattress, her spectacles pushed high on her anxious forehead. Miss Adelaide dropped down by the other side of the bed and rested her head against the pillow.

Her thick snuff colored wig had slipped and showed a few thin gray hairs, but her misery was so real as quite to overshadow any humor in the situation. She put out her hand and touched the old bag and then drew it back as if it had burnt her. Her sister looked at her and frowned.



"DEER MIS ADLADE MERY CHRISMUS."

"It—it's locked!" pleaded Miss Adelaide.

"I was wondering how long 'twould be before you'd discover that!" retorted Miss Virginia. Her conscience was troubling her, but she would not yield. She tossed a key to her sister and then put the drawer back.

"'Tain't in my drawer either," said Mrs. Perkins. "I guess it must be in that bag. You'd better hurry, Miss Adelaide. She'll be home pretty soon."

Miss Adelaide pulled the bag out and fitted the key. The four old ladies peered eagerly down at her. Suddenly she drew her hand back again.

"I can't," she said. "One of you must do it."

Mrs. Perkins stooped down and pulled open the bag, which seemed full of bits of silk and ribbon.

"Where'd she get so many?" she asked. "It looks as if we're on the track now, don't it? And see here!"

She pulled from under the rags three little packages carefully tied up in bright colored bits of tissue paper. She distributed them rapidly, passing one to Miss Adelaide, who made no effort to take it, but let it roll under the bed. Mrs. Perkins dived after it and came up flushed just as Mrs. Slocum gave an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Perkins impatiently. Mrs. Slocum held something on the bed. The others crowded round; only Miss Adelaide never moved. They saw a red pincushion in the shape of a rude heart, and on it in crooked letters the pins formed the words, "Deer Mis Adlade Mery Chrismus."

The silence made Miss Adelaide turn, and she caught up the ugly cushion with a little cry.

"That's what it meant!" she cried. "That's her 'meechin' ways!' She was making us Christmas presents—us who'd never done a thing for her, not a thing to make her lonely life less lonely, not a thing to make Christmas a happy time for her, and she feeding her poor starved life on the scraps of kindness we flung her!"

A tear rolled down and splashed on the red cushion. Miss Virginia snatched the cushion away.

"There!" she cried. "Make things better by spotting this!"

Miss Adelaide left the room, and her sister did not oppose her. The rest worked in silence until everything was in order. Then they filed silently out and shut the door.

That night Miss Adelaide had a sick headache. Scraps came up at supper time to bring her some toast. Her thin little face looked sharply through the gloom of the room.

"Here's your toast," she said. "It's dark in here. Shan't I get you a light?"

"No, no," answered Miss Adelaide quickly. It seemed to her she could not meet the child's eyes. Scraps stood a moment, full of sympathy.

"I'm sorry you're sick, Miss Adelaide," she said awkwardly. "I guess you'll feel better in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes," answered Miss Adelaide, burying her face in the pillow. "Run downstairs and get your supper, Scraps. It will be all cold."

Scraps obeyed, as she always did, and Miss Adelaide heard her shuffling down the stairs in her loose old shoes. When Miss Virginia came in she found her sister sitting up in bed, with a flushed, excited face.

"Virginia," she cried, "how much money have I in my purse?"

"Three dollars and five cents," answered Miss Virginia.

"I am going to get Scraps a pair of shoes for Christmas!" Miss Adelaide was frightened when she had said it, for it was understood between them that Miss Virginia should say what was to be bought. But no explosion came.

"You—you ain't angry, are you?" asked Miss Adelaide pleadingly.

"I haven't said I was, have I?" returned her sister. "I was thinking."



"I'M SORRY YOU'RE SICK, MISS ADELAIDE."

"Oh!" answered Miss Adelaide humbly. She felt conscious of her inferiority. She never "thought." There was a knock at the door, and Miss Pratt entered.

"How's your head, Miss Adelaide?" she asked.

"It's some better, thank you."

"Was your toast hot?"

"I guess 'twas. I didn't notice."

There was silence a moment. Suddenly Miss Pratt burst out: "I don't know how to say it, but I feel downright ashamed of this afternoon. The idea of that child, poorer than any church mouse, trying to be giving us something! I—I jest can't stand it. I've got an old brown merino I shall fix up. I guess I can afford some trimmings."

"I've been a-knocking and no one heard me," said Mrs. Slocum, putting in her head. "I couldn't help hearing and I'm glad! I was so worried I couldn't rest easy in my mind till I'd said I'd do something. I don't know what, but I've got to make up some way."

"That's real good of you, Mis' Slocum," [illegible] Miss Pratt, and as [illegible] was saying [illegible]

A knock at the door interrupted them.

"There's the last one," said Miss Virginia grimly. A flash of surprise passed over Mrs. Perkins' face as she entered upon seeing the others.

"I wonder if I don't know what you're talking about," she said gayly. "About Scraps? I thought so. Now I've got a plan. Suppose we make up a scrap bag for her and fill it and hang it on the door so she can find it Christmas morning. A good many of the others will help."

Miss Adelaide sat up in great excitement.

"Oh, Mrs. Perkins," she cried, "how do you think of such things? She will be so pleased!" Miss Adelaide's simple old face, wrinkled as it was, looked like that of a happy child.

Mrs. Perkins fluttered nervously. "I thought you'd like it," she said. "But you must be tired, dear Miss Adelaide, so we won't stay. I jest put my head in to tell you."



"BUT I FEEL DOWNRIGHT ASHAMED."

She rose, and Miss Pratt and Mrs. Slocum followed the hint.

Miss Virginia looked after her frostily, but Miss Adelaide's joy was not to be quenched.

"She will be so happy!" she kept saying.

Suddenly her sister rose and went to the medicine box.

"I'm going to give you some bitters, Adelaide," she said. "I don't want to be kept awake all hours, if she will be so happy."

Miss Adelaide sank back quietly, her eyes were like two thin stars among the pillows. Suddenly she heard an exclamation.

"Did you cut yourself, Virginia? I always said that broken glass was dangerous."

Miss Virginia dropped white and speechless into the nearest chair.

"Oh, what is the matter?" cried Miss Adelaide, pushing away the clothes to get down to her sister.

"You lie still," came in a stern voice from the chair.

Miss Adelaide crawled back and lay there trembling. In a minute Miss Virginia came over to her.

"It's the pin," she said quickly. "I must have dropped it there Sunday night when I went to the box for your cough drops."

"Oh, Virginia!" gasped her sister. "I'm so glad! I'm so sorry—that poor child"—

Miss Virginia interrupted her.

"I guess I know that as well as you. I'm going to give her this pin for Christmas!"

As Christmas day drew near Scraps found herself in a strange kind of fairyland. The rooms were decorated with holly and greens, the air was full of secrets, and, strangest and best of all, everybody was so good to her.

In those few days of kindness the girl seemed to blossom out. The old restraint was banished and never returned. Love crept into her heart and looked out of her eyes, and the old haunted look fled forever.



"I SHALL ALWAYS KEEP IT."

She crept into her little cot Christmas eve with a happy heart. She had left her little gift at each door.

She felt that she, too, would not be quite forgotten.

"Just some little thing to show it's Christmas," she prayed, and a bright star shone down, like one of God's beautiful promises, and she lay there content.

She never heard the five smiling old ladies creep softly up to her door; she did not see until morning the immense bag labeled "A Christmas Scraps-bag." Then she was almost overpowered.

"I don't know what to say," she cried, "only I'm so happy."

She dressed in her new clothes and visited each room, where she was received with admiring looks. The old ladies saw no more the awkward girl with her peaked face and rough, short hair. They had worked for her, they loved her, and—it was Christmas day!

She went to the room of Miss Virginia and Miss Adelaide last, because her visit there was to be the most important and most thrilling of all.

"Miss Virginia, how can I thank you?" she faltered, touching the brooch. "You felt so bad when you thought you had lost it."

Miss Virginia kissed her stiffly, but there was a strange quiver in her voice.

"It wasn't lost; it was only put aside for you," she said.

"And, Miss Adelaide," said Scraps, "these shoes are so nice. And your cushion had a spot on it. I'm sorry. I don't know how it got there."

Miss Virginia glanced warningly at her sister, but there was no need.

"I like it, spot and all," she said simply. "I shall always keep it."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of E. C. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT, Administrator.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 30, 1908.

Novelty Restaurant. New York Counts, Clams, Cigars. THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

The SPORTING WORLD

Fitzsimmons to Re-enter the Ring.

Bob Fitzsimmons, hero of many a ring battle and former world's heavyweight champion, will enter the ring again. Fitz recently arrived in England and announced that he would fight again after he has tried the English stage for several



BOB FITZSIMMONS.

weeks, and for a starter he has named Gunner Moir, Jem Roche and several other British pugs as his proposed victims.

The cause of his return to life is an offer of $25,000 (reported) to fight four battles before the National Athletic club of London. Ruby Bob had been living quietly on his New Jersey farm for some time and but for the big money noise might still have been living there just as quietly. But Fitz could not resist the temptation to bounce his freckled fists off some one's bean with all that money at stake; hence the announcement.

Hughes Hurls Challenge at Dorando.

The latest defi of Dorando Pietri, who defeated Johnny Hayes recently, that he is willing to meet any man in the world at any distance from twenty-five miles upward, has brought a swift challenge from John (Lepper) Hughes, the old time distance runner. Hughes, who is over sixty years old, surprised his friends a few weeks ago by an exhibition of speed endurance and has received backing for several thousands for a match with Dorando in a twenty-four hour contest. Matt Clune, who was one of the backers of John L. Sullivan when he held the championship, has great faith in the staying powers of Hughes and is willing to post $1,000 to bind a match with the Italian marvel.

White Sox Players to Quit—Maybe.

Will there be any Chicago Americans in 1909? Fielder Jones says it's a sure thing that he won't be back. Dougherty says his oil wells need his entire attention. Donahue says his health will keep him out of the spangles. Isbell wants to stick with Wichita. Tannehill is after the South Bend (Ind.) club. George Davis desires to become an Eastern league boss. Sullivan is through. But springtime will see a lot of changed plans.

Cy Young to Retire After Next Season.

The veteran Cy Young says that next season will wind up his career on the baseball diamond. Young also has induced the Boston American league club to retain his old side partner, Catcher Criger, for whom Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis recently made flattering offers. Young and Criger have been one of baseball's greatest batteries, and they want to stick together until they decide to leave the national game for all time.

No Football For Swarthmore.

The most startling and discouraging phase of the present athletic situation at Swarthmore college, from the football enthusiast point of view, was disclosed recently when one of the highest members of the faculty said that intercollegiate football at the college was impossible. This news was discouraging as well as unexpected to the student body, who to a man confidently expected the resumption of the sport next year.

Horse Racing For El Paso, Tex.

Plans for a sixty day race meeting at El Paso, Tex., were consummated in New Orleans recently. Dan T. Murray of Chicago has been selected as one of the judges, and the other officials will be turfmen who have figured conspicuously at the New Orleans tracks during the last ten years.

Hughey Jennings Now a Banker.

Hughey Jennings, manager of the Detroit Americans has gone into the banking business. He is one of the organizers of the Old Forge-Duryea Discount and Deposit bank in Scranton, Pa., and is one of its directors. W. A. Jennings, Hughey's brother, also is interested in the proposition.

College Regatta June 26.

The intercollegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., next year will be held on Saturday, June 26. The crews will row upstream, starting one mile below the bridge and finishing just south of Krum Elbow.

Yale Eleven Earned $70,000.

Yale's share of the receipts at New Haven recently was $33,000. Yale's earnings at Princeton on Nov. 14 was $25,000. It is estimated that Yale's earnings for the season was about $70,000.

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E. [illegible] Mayo. ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

V. B. BOUTON, ATTY-AT-LAW. Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA. All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

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H. L. McCoy, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

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HOTELS.

WRIGHT HOUSE, Main Street, Smethport, Pa. DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop. F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr. This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

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Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secretary Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—John W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—[illegible] Barclay, [illegible]
State Senator—C. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. [illegible], Smethport; R. P. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—[illegible], Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—[illegible], Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. [illegible] Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Giddings, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. F. Rooney, president; W. G. Holder, secretary; J. W. [illegible], E. W. [illegible], G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. B. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—F. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Roshen, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. R. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rabin.
Inspectors of Election—[illegible], E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FAY, W. M.

W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.

W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.

J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.

H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.

MRS. ROSE PIERCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. ROBINSON, Com.

F. B. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.

BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. PAYNE, Pres.

MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 285, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

G. M. COLGROVE, Pres.

JENNIE EBBERSPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.

MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at [illegible] Sunday and at [illegible] on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. B. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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THE CHAISE MOVED TOWARD LONDONTOWN.

The Turtle-Doves

A Dick Ryder Tale

By H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"'Tis not the first face of a swollen-ment that is always the right aspect," and mon may, as often as not by holding their peace, come at the heart of the matter, always provided there is naught in the case to make the blood-ning. Nevertheless there was in the meeting with Sir Damon Boll that which pleased me mightily, at least in the end. Indeed, 'twas a rare piece of chicanery from the outset, when time left the Bear's Head in a chaise and two horses of my own for Epsom, the any gentleman with an important journey of his own before him.

When the postilion was gone out by Streatham and was for making across the heath, the moon, that was full and bright, struck into the lowering gloom, and the open waste showed of a sud-den swiftness. The window of the chaise was open and the air streamed in, but I could make out little with my peepers because of the darkness. And here there was a savage wrekthe of the body of the chaise, and a cracking as of a wheel against something. So I popped forth my head and roared to the postilion, cursing him for his chimerings, and he cursing back at the horses; and between us there was a nobleman (save me) upon his travels with a rascal on whom he might let loose his tongue, and he not question-ed. I espied a blacker shadow in the blackness about the heath.

It held my eye a moment, for I knew it well enough to be the figure of a man, and then it darted into nearer view, and the light, bettering at the same instant, showed me a fellow with a hat askew—a—the—back of his head, a heavy pistol at the stand-and-deliver, and a face under a dark mask at the chaise's edge.

Now you will conceive it was an odd situation for Gallopping Dick to be thus waylaid and handled after the manner of his own craft; though this was not the first occasion that it had happened. But do that you will add this, that there was that in his air, as in his voice, and in the very swagger of his challenge, which showed me here was no ordinary tobyman. So I says to myself, silently, easing in his pistol; "What have we here?" and then aloud said I: "Sirrah, what do you?" in a lordly tone.

"Faith," says he, not lowering his pistol, but speaking in a rollicking way, "be not my words plain, brave knights, or must I make 'em bark?"

"Oh!" said I, in a hesitating way, "then are you a gentleman of the road, rascal?"

"You honor me to put a name upon me," said he, with an inclination of his head. "For myself, I should desire to go unnamed, so as to escape the perils of the law."

"I ask your indulgence, Captain," said I, in another voice; "there is a packet I would fain keep—"

"Pish! I must have all or none," he interposed. "Yes I am in a mood to indulge you, so be you give me your hand on paper that I took all off you."

"I will do that," said I, after a pause, "if you will let this document that is important to none but myself remain. I have 60 guineas also."

His pistol was still at my head, and I made search for my purse and gave it to him, the which he pocketed with-out so much as examining it.

"And for this warranty," said he, "I have quill and paper," whereat I knew that I was upon the right thought. He put a hand into his pocket, but being by now unsuspecting that he had any to deal with save a mild sheep, he paid little heed to his earlier precau-tions; and the next I had his pistol hand in my clutch. He was taken aback at the first, but struggled game-ly, though (Lord save us!) he was no match for me. With a twist of the wrist his pistol fell to the road with a dull clank, and presently I had the door of the chaise open and was grip-ping him in the darkness. And now 'twas my barker that was against his forehead.

He uttered a little reckless laugh. "Oh, I will spare you there," says he, "doubtless you're in haste to be on," "Come," said I, "off with that mask," and I knocked it clean off his face with the barker, always provided there is naught in the case to make the blood-curdled in breast-full whiteness.

'Twas a young man, well-formed, and of a handsome bearing, that stood before me, and I saw that his feat-ures were disfigured by a cynical smile. Yet there was in that expres-sion, as I judged, something impulsive and full hearted that took me contemplated him.

"You're no tobyman," said I. "A toby-man would think shame to be took as I took you just now."

For answer he whistled, and then, "Good, my man, set forward with your job," said he. "I have cast and lost."

"Why," said I, lowering my barker, "I know 'twas about of a wager this was done, and so imputed."

He threw me a glance, under the mask, without offering to run. "How know you?" he asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Rip me," said I, "when a gentleman of the road takes the road leave he be in liquor's fits for a serious purpose, and that's guinea. He walks with a proper gait; he's no cone-lightly. But you—" I came to a pause.

"You're wrong," said he, "'twas no wager."

"Oh, well," said I, "'tis a pity that so fit a youth should go woo the Triple Ogam, and I find it in my heart to give you a chance. What say you? Your story for your life."

He thought a moment. "Agreed," said he.

"Then 'tis sealed on that," I replied.

In the moonlight the heath emerged dimly, and I descried near a patch of bushes a waiting figure.

"So," said I, "that is your game, my master, You bring confederates, and accept my terms to betray me, but I will shoot ye both where ye stand or run."

Now, I was broke out very furious, for it seemed to me I saw the whole purpose of this ambush very clearly, and I raised my pistol as I spoke.

"What's that?" says he suddenly, and stared at me, and then away to where my eyes had gone. But at the instant the waiting figure took to its heels and ran in a white light.

"By the Lord, Crookes!" said my tobyman.

"So," said I, not realizing where I was, but feeling cautiously ahead. "And who may Crookes be that 's such a white-liver?"

"'Tis Sir Damon's servant," said he, and added: "'Tis in the tale and the bargain."

He shrugged his shoulders. "You have the advantage, and 'twill hurt nor harm none. Sir Damon Boll is uncle and guardian to a young lady who returns me my passion. But he will none of the match, being anxious to dispose of her to a certain lord.

"'You're a young gentleman of the town,' says he: ('When I was young he was wont to be more than that); 'and, young man,' says he, 'ye shall have her if ye rob a coach or carry stand-and-deliver to a chaise.'"

"Well," said I, seeing he paused.

"Well, here I am," said he, and laughed discordantly.

"Come, 'tis a very proper and ro-mantic comedy," said I. "And why d'ye suppose he gives you this chance?"

He shook his head. "I know not," he said.

"And why d'ye suppose this Crookes, Sir Damon's man, if that be his name, is hanging about?"

He started. "I never thought of that," said he.

"Well," said I, deliberately, "it means if I was you, young cockerel, I would think twice ere I put faith in Sir Damon Boll. He hath you in a cleft stick."

"You mean—" he asked anxiously.

"Why, are you not took in the act?" I replied; "took with a red hand. And why runs that rogue back to his mas-ter. He hath followed you."

"Damnation!" says he, starting, and looks at me.

"Well," said I, "I think I will have a look at this Sir Damon, and gads me! if there be not the sound of a ve-hicle. Would ye like another fling at the high toby?"

He looked at me in wonder, and I winked.

"Should this be Sir Damon—"

He whistled. "Now," he cried brisk-ly, "you're the gamest cock that ever crowed out of Whitehall."

"Well, let's go to meet him and seek what we shall find," I said, for I did not want that the arriving car-riage should come up with mine; and so bestowing an order on my wonder-ing fellow, he walked back briskly upon the London Road.

"'Tis his livery," says my friend, "'tis his coach for sure."

"Well, may I perish, but he runs a hazard this night, does this said Sir Damon," I said with a laugh, and I took him by the arm. "Look you," says I, "you were but a bantam, with a bantam's voice, yonder. You shrilled too high for your spurs. If you would venture again, take heed to one that knows, and keep your eyes straight—as straight as your weapon. With level hands and eyes, rot me! I would be afraid of nothing under Heaven save stalking ghosts and witches. Set on, man, if so you have a mind, and I wager we'll go through the ad-venture."

"Gad!" says he, with his laugh, "I will pluck and bare for his pains, and enjoy it. I am your debtor, sir, for this night's topsy-turvey."

Just then the chaise rocked into the faint light before us that stood in the darkness of the trees, and he made a step forward, halted as if in doubt, and then dashed at it, shout-ing in a loud voice to the postilion. But I lay close in my earth like an old fox watching of 'em.

Well, the chaise was at a standstill, and there was a hubbub as you may fancy; for the old gentleman was come out to see a highwayman tuck, and not to be rumpadded himself. But he was of a stout spirit and though there was my young gentleman at the window with his barker, and his mask that he had reputed on him, I could descry a white head poking out and a voice exchanging words sharply.

"Deliver," says my man.

"Deliver! I will see three d—— first," says the spirited old cockalo-rum.

"I regret the necessity"—says my man, presently, but his barker drew nearer.

"I will have this place scoured for you," said the old boy.

"If you make more ado," says my man, sundale, "I shall be in the sad case of dabbling white hairs red." With that stepping to one side the folk in resistance. Sir Damon sank back in his seat.

"What is't you want?" he asked in another voice.

"'Tis only simple," says I, "others merely all that is in your chaise with you, save what clothes you sit in." And now that the man had no longer blocked the window he pressed close in, and at the same instant uttered an exclamation of surprise. And so I dare-say did Sir Damon also, for he must have recognized by that saying with whom he had to deal; the which must have astonished him who came forth to see the young buck laid by the heels. But he gave vent to no sound just then, and 'twas my young gentle-man of the toby who spoke.

"I will be content with nothing short of all that is with you, sir," said he in a guy voice as one well content with himself and destiny. "And, first, your purse."

Well, he must have put that, for says he next, "Now your jewel-case"; and that too came out of the window in the shot of a hand that was like a woman's for slenderness.

"You're prompt in payment, my dear sir," continues my friend, "for the which I thank ye as an exacting cred-itor. But you have still something by you."

Then comes in Sir Damon's voice, quiet, still and cool now. "You have all, sir—you have all. My word spells my honor, unless indeed you have changed your courteous intentions about my clothes."

"Nay, I leave none bare," says he, "in particular to those wild winds. But I see you have company, and fair company too," at the which, as you may guess, I pricked up my ears and moved forward a step out of the dark-ness.

"Well, sir," says Sir Damon from the coach sharply, "would you rob the lady also?"

"No," says he, with a laugh, "only of your company, I trust. I am a gal-lant tobyman if even upon compulsion. In truth I have no real liking for the business, but was driven to it of ne-cessity. Yet while I am in it I must e'en make what I can—that is, in the chaise, save yourself, my good sir. I will make bold with the lady if she will forgive me."

Hearing that I could have slapped my thigh in by delight at his wit and quickness, for I began at once to see how matters stood. Here was Sir Damon driving forth with his ward and niece, maybe with the intent that she should publicly witness with her own eyes the wretchedness and humili-ation of her lover, and now that lover appears to discomfit her guardian and wrest her triumphantly from his arms. It was an excellent fine play and tickled me much; for, d——, 'twas after my own heart.

But when he had spoken Sir Damon answers nothing for a time, and then seeing, I suppose that he was beaten all round he says—

"Very, well," says he, "I am, as I have assured you, my good scoundrel, a man of my word and honor. So what I have said I have said. You have now your wages, and shall have your re-ward, though I confess I had not an-ticipated it. But to-morrow 'tis my turn, for I too have an unexpected card in the game. And so, when the lady safely alighted in this balmy air and on this cosy heath, at your dis-posal, I shall be obliged if you will order my man to drive on, so that I may finish this songwhat benighted journey in peace."

This was, you will admit, a digni-fied surrender, and I could not but see that he was really at the advantage. For though the lad had won his wages and his bride, he was at the mercy of this man, as hard as Satan, maybe, or as grim as death. And he would go hang on the beam for his night's work, if so be Sir Damon desired it, and this, you may conceive, was not a pleasant plight for the young fellow. But bless you, he had no fears. He had won his bet, and he had handed forth his sweetheart, and was, I doubt not, all in a flurry of passion for the meeting. Bah! this love turns men dizzy; it steals their wits more read-ily than the wine. Let be! 'Tis well enough in a way, but, rip me, if I would be so rankly stirred. The old buck had the advantage, and knew it. He gazed out at the silly pair from his window, with hard eyes and ex-pressionless fags, and shouted a com-mand to his man, at which the chaise turned and began to move slowly toward London again.

At that instant, seeing how awk-ward a face things wore, and being of a mind to see the stir through to the end, a notion flashed in my head and I came forward to the couple. Miss I could not see, for she was in wraps, and she might have been a scullion-wench for all I could tell. But says I to him,

"See you, take my coach and drive on to the Nag by Carshalton and there await me. I will deal with this Lord Chief Justice myself;" and leaving 'em with no more words I ran after the departing chaise as fast as I-could.

When I had reached it I rapped on the window, and out pops the old gen-tleman's white head once more.

"Another of you?" says he; "this place grows on like bramibles," and would have discharged a pistol full in my face.

"Hold!" said I, "'tis your assistance I want, sir. I believe you have been rumpadded by a tobyman just now. Well, I am in a like case, and was bound whilst he took you. But now he is gone off with my chaise, and I beg you will join us in pursuit. Sure sir," seeing nothing on his face but the pale mask, "we are unmanly, armed as we are, to overtake and bring him to me-quidit, especially that he hath with him now, as it seems, some go lightly. But I cannot without my coach o'ertake them."

He seemed to consider a little, scru-tinizing me. "Well," said he, at last, "you seem a likely man in emergen-cies. If you are armed, as you say, and have the resolution, I do not know but the plan will fit in my own. I had another design, but maybe both are ad-mirable, and at least they will not con-flict."

So without more ado he invited me into the chaise, and then conceive me sitting in miss's place, the horses' head turned again for the south, and Sir Damon and Dick Ryder chatting agreeably and affably together as they had been sworn friends or long ac-quaintances.

At least 'twas I that chatted, and he was mostly silent in an amicable enough way, interjecting a question, or commenting with satiric humor what time we lurched along towards Ewell and Epsom. But now you will have an inkling of my design when I say that if this old fox was permitted to return straight-dash way to town he would no doubt set the officers on his enemy and have him forthwith indicted on the bye-barker thought I to myself, with a little trickery and a little persuasion of my own kind, that could be prevented and the boy have a run for his life at the least. So that was why we were jogging along the Epsom road through a dark and miry night on the track (as he thought) of the runaways.



His Pistol Fell to the Road.

Presently, interrupting a tale of mine about Jeremy Starbottle, says he bluffly,

"We seem no nearer, sir. It would look as if your horses were superior to mine."

"Whay," said I, in answer, "'tis odds they'll keep this road, for the sideways are foul and lead nowhither. Moreover, they will not expect to be pursued. We shall fetch 'em pres-ently."

"Very well," says he, lying back, "but I beg you will give me a little hint, sir?"

"I am a philosophic observer," said I, airily. "'Tis my business to look on and smile. I take no part in the rough acts of fortune."

"Pardon me," said he, suavely, "but I think you are too modest, captain."

"Captain!" said I, sharply.

"Well, well, I had not forgot you were no soldier. You have the air of a soldier and the makings, as I have remarked. But, sir, let me tell you, you are too modest. This jour-ney, for example—"

"Oh, that was my whim," said I, "I interposed out of a benevolent heart, for to serve two young folks fond of billing and to make an illus-trious acquaintance for myself."

He bowed in his corner. "I trust you will not make a more illustrious acquaintance still," he said, dryly.

"Why," said I, for I knew what he meant; "you forget that at your invi-tation, I am here in pursuit of a com-mon enemy."

"True," he said, considering. "If has a smooth face upon it. I perceive you, sir, to be a gentleman of your wits."

Now 'twas my turn to bow, and in-deed he was not wrong, for it has ever been my good fortune to find a way out of a difficulty when others would stand agape, like oafs and apes. But he went on in a still voice: "But now that I see that our friend, the common enemy, as you put it, enjoyed a confed-erate, it appears I must reconsider the circumstances. In fine, his wager fails."

"I am no confederate," I broke in.

"And thus there is no necessity that he receive the penalty which I had de-signed as a wedding present for him," he finished, not appearing to head me.

Sir Damon, I have told you that I am but an onlooker," said I.

He elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders.

"Rip me," said I, angrily, "I never clapped my eyes on the fellow till the quarter of an hour ere you came up, and I will be d—d if I should tick off from Adam did I see him again."

"You perceive that you are rehabil-itating the penalty," he remarked, dry-ly, and I could see he did not credit me, which made me angrier.

"By the Lord," said I, "I have the honor to tell ye that the young mack-worm rumpadded me in my chaise just as you were come up—d—e, be glad, if it were not that I turned his barker from him."

Sir Damon eyed me, and then all of a sudden broke out into soft laughter, as if he were greatly tickled.

"Is't so?" said he. "The Lord love him for a simpleton. Faith, I could perceive." He chuckled quietly, and then looked at me again, still smil-ing.

"You know, sir, what penalty men-aces them that abduct or hold a ward from her guardian?"

"'Tis a guardian I have abducted from his ward," said I.

He laughed quietly. "Very well," said he, "let us leave it at that." And then: "You know, sir, what a fool the fool is?"

"He is no tobyman," said I.

"'Tis commensurate with his life in general," said Sir Damon, easily. "He is born Tom-fool and has two hand-some, dancing eyes." He paused. "I will not maintain," says he next, "that for happiness wisdom is necessary, or even adequate. I have not found it so myself, nor perhaps you, friend—cap-tain."

"In that case," says I, "repay a fool with his folly which is marriage."

"Then we are agreed," said he, genially. "I, too, am a bachelor. And now that we are agreed on one thing, captain, Mr.—" He hesitated.

"Ryder," said I.

"Mr. Ryder," said he, "let us be agreed all along the line. If I forego the penalty—"

"I will treat your worship to as fine a supper and bottle as was ever served in England," I interrupted, "and we will drink to the turtles at Carshalton."

"Carshalton," he says, reflectively. "I had an idea 'twas Carshalton, but your picture was persuasive."

"Well, sir," said I, "here is Ewell, and in a tavern that I know we shall be hospitably received and used this foul night."

"Good," says he, preparing to alight as the chaise came to a stop, "and pray bear in mind, Mr. Ryder, that I am penniless and homeless."

"D—e," said I, heartily, "ye're wel-come to all that's mine, and that's not beggary; and, while I can keep such company I envy not the turtle with his mate at Carshalton."

He was now in the road, and he turned. "Nor I, Rydor, nor I," he said pleasantly.



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Men's linen collars worth 25c sale price 9c, other collars 11c
Men's flannel shirts worth $1.25 at this sale 73c
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